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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## POETRY.

### THE MUTE CHILD.

There runs a story of an Indian prince,  
Who wished the origin of speech to know,  
And so he turned to little children—since  
It is to them for knowledge wise men go.

He took these little ones while yet around  
Their new-born souls the silence lingered still,  
And placed them where no human speech  
Was ever heard—it was his royal will.

No happy nursery—thames, no lullabies  
These children ever sung or heard;  
No mother waited for the sweet surprise  
Of hearing the first precious lisping word.

But after many years the prince one day  
Ordered the children to be brought him where  
He sat upon his throne in grand array,  
And all his learned men were gathered there.

Shrinking, though innocent, and shy with fear,  
Before the august prince the children came,  
The wise men watch them eagerly to hear  
Their language, but the children all are dumb.

They ask them many questions, as they try—  
Out of the voiceless depth some sound to bring;  
The children never utter word or cry,  
But only stand there mute and wondering.

And so the prince's queer experiment  
Was but a failure. All the tongues were tied,  
There children silent came and silent went  
They could not speak for they had never tried.

Sometimes I wonder, should his kingdom come,  
That kingdom full of joy and peace and love,  
Would we be found, like those poor children dumb,  
Or could we speak the language from above?

What if its word and meaning all unknown  
Should fall upon an unaccustomed ear?  
How can we make that heavenly tongue our own,  
Unless we try to learn and speak it here?

—Bessie Chandler.

## STORY TELLER.

### AN AMERICAN HEIRESS.

Lady Frances Trimson was charming. She was also clever, wonderfully well-preserved, had a natural complexion, a moderate jointure, a good milliner, was a widow, and had only one child—a son.

She had experienced little care or sorrow, for her husband was an old man when she married him, and he was gathered to his fathers before he became very disagreeable. He was the younger son of a duke, and moderately well off.

Lady Frances' life—or at least her widowed life—had been strewn with roses; and although she could have settled down comfortably again, she preferred to retain, she said, her freedom.

"It is so nice to marry an old man; you are a widow quite young, you know," she murmured to her dear friend, Clare Melton.

"I suppose it is, dear," sighed Clare, whose husband was a young scamp.

Few of us are perfectly content with lot, and Lady Frances had a grievance that marred sadly her happy, butterfly existence. Do what she could, her son Jack would not marry.

"Dear Jack is so poor and so extravagant, I wonder what will be his end?" she sighed.

"He will marry a rich girl, of course," said Clare.

"It is his duty to do so, as I tell him; but he only laughs at me," sighed Lady Frances.

"Where is he now?"

"Shooting Indians or buffaloes, or some other wild animals, in America."

"When do you expect him back?"

"I am sure I don't know—in a month or two, perhaps."

Jack Trimson had been out West, hunting buffaloes, shooting prairie chickens, racing Mexican mustangs, and playing "poker" with the miners. He had a pleasant time of it, for he liked America and the Americans, and was sorry to have to return so soon to England.

But life in America is expensive, and Jack, who had extravagant tastes and a knack of getting through money, had spent in two months the sum he calculated would have lasted him for four, and he was in the middle of the Atlantic, on board an Inman liner, when his mother told her friend that he was shooting buffaloes and Indians. The passenger, on board were chiefly Americans, who were going to Europe on a pleasure trip. There were one or two pretty girls among them, and Jack, who was a dangerous ladies' man, commenced

a hot flirtation with one of them before he was two days at sea.

Katie C. Brown was a nice girl, and had a pair of soft brown eyes, that always did great execution when they opened fire, and they did now upon Jack. The Brown party consisted of three, for, besides Katie, there was Mary Brown—a fine, honest American girl, with no pretence to beauty, but with a look of strength and character about her face—and Samuel Washington Brown, who had made money in 'Frisco on the good old days of gold mining and speculation. He invested a part of it in a silver mine in Nevada, which turned out a gigantic success, and Samuel was worth his good five million dollars.

Jack Trimson was pretty deep in the intricacies of hard flirtation with Katie Brown, before he heard who Samuel was. It was his friend, Gen. G. Jones, who enlightened Jack.

"I guess, stranger, that girl has got a heap," he said.

"A heap of what?" asked Jack, carelessly.

"A heap of dollars. I calculate Samuel W. Brown is worth about a million of your money. I always heard he had only two children—daughters. Suppose that brown-eyed friend of yours will have her half million of pounds."

Jack Trimson was astonished.

"By Jove! If my mother heard of this fortune she would go mad," he ejaculated to himself. "Fancy half a million of money! Ye gods! what fun I should have been spending it."

The Brown party landed at Queens-town, and went to Killarney, while Jack went over to London. It was arranged when they parted that the Browns would write to tell him of their arrival in London, and Jack had promised to show them the sights and make things generally pleasant.

Lady Frances was delighted to have her dear Jack back again. He was looking, too, she thought, so handsome and so bronzed.

"Any girl would fall in love with him, my dear," she said complacently to her bosom friend, Clare Melton.

"He can be very nice when he likes," murmured Clare.

Jack, who wanted money badly, was very nice just now to his mother. He described to her his experience of American girls, and Lady Frances was deeply interested in everything relating to her sex.

"They are really pretty and not at all bad style, but their accent is abominable," she sighed.

"You get used to it after a while," said Jack. "I know such a nice American girl, who will be in London next week."

"What is she like, dear?"

"She is pretty enough—good eyes, good figure, good carriage, clever, a dangerous flirt, and she will have half a million of money."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Lady Frances, starting to her feet, intensely excited. "Half a million of money! Oh, Jack, what are you about?"

"Why, what is the matter? You are quite excited."

"Oh, dear, Jack, do be sensible," said his mother, caressingly. "You know we are very poor, and are always in difficulties. It cannot go on. You must feel this yourself. Now, tell me all about the American girl and her family."

"There are two sisters, Katie and Mary—no mother. The father is a baronet at least a million, and is not a bad sort of fellow."

"Of course, I must call on them. When do they come over?"

"In a few days, I believe. I said you would look them up, and I think you will like Katie; she is great fun."

"And you, Jack, have you any chance, do you think—I mean—"

"Chance? I rather think I have," said Jack, interrupting. "Chance, indeed! Why, I have to keep the girls away from me at the point of my stick."

"Now, Jack, dear, do be serious. I am so interested in all this. Are you quite sure about the money?"

"I believe it is all right."

"And, dear, would you really marry her?"

"If it is the case of coming a 'cropper' or marry her, I shall select the latter," said Jack.

Lady Frances was in a flutter of excitement during the ensuing year.

"Fancy, dear, a nice girl with five hundred thousand pounds!" she remarked to Clare Melton.

"American girls are quite the rage now; the men are all wild after them," said Clare.

Lady Frances' face assumed a serious expression.

"We must take care that dear Jack

has plenty of opportunities. It will be shocking if all the men run after her," she said, gravely.

"The best thing to do is to give out that Jack is engaged," said Clare. "You can do that for me, dear."

"Of course; but you will have to entertain and make much of them—Americans are mad after society and our set."

"It will be very expensive, but I suppose there is nothing else to be done," sighed Lady Frances.

The Browns arrived in London. Lady Frances called upon them immediately after their arrival. She was delighted with Katie, and told her friend Clare that, with the exception of her American accent, she was just as good style as any one else.

"They are so quaint and original, my dear. They call their father Uncle Sam."

"They will soon settle down to our ways. Look at Lady Wilton—who would imagine she was an American?"

"That's true, dear. I assure you Katie will create quite a sensation. She is really very pretty and graceful and full of vivacity."

"If she is so nice Jack will have to be careful, and you had better not introduce her to any one until it is all arranged."

"So I told him, dear, but he won't listen to me. He says we must give a dinner to them next Thursday, got all set to call, and give a ball next week."

"I don't think it wise," said Clare Melton, seriously.

"Perhaps not, dear; but what can I do? Jack is so obstinate, and I positively believe he is serious at last."

Lady Frances had half a dozen of her relatives to meet the Browns. The dinner was, of course, perfection, and the guests well chosen—two lords and a duke and their respective wives—and as there were no young men, Jack had Katie all to himself. Samuel W. Brown did not appear at all abashed in the presence of nobility. He was a shrewd man who had studied human nature, and had seen many places of life, and his anecdotes of America were most interesting.

Next day, when Lady Frances was talking over the dinner with her old friends, she said:

"Oh, I am so nervous and excited about it all! Fancy, the duchess praised her warmly."

"Her position will be assured then," added Clare, decisively.

"And Lord Oldin wants to get the elder sister for his son," continued Lady Frances. "It will be such a nice connection."

"But when is Jack going to propose?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps at the ball. I wish it were all arranged, for it will be most expensive for me if it lasts long, and I really cannot afford it."

It was most expensive, for Jack got his mother to pay for everything, and he and Henry Smiley, Lord Oldin's sons, had a pleasant time of it, at her expense.

The ball was a great success, and Katie Brown created quite a sensation. Jack was most attentive to her; he allowed, however, the opportunity to pass without proposing to her, much to Lady Frances indignation.

Jack and the Browns relapsed into a Bohemian life. One day they went to Windsor, the next to Hampton Court or Sandown races, and so on. Lady Frances was nervous and shocked, for Samuel W. Brown allowed the girls to do exactly as they liked, and seldom accompanied them.

"I calculate young people like being left to themselves. You and I did long ago, Lady Frances," he used to say.

"But it is not our custom," she protested.

"I don't believe English girls are half as wicked as you think. Why don't you trust them a little more?" he asked.

She did not know exactly what answer to make, so muttered something about society.

"All artificial, Lady Frances; all humbug. It is a great pity it is so. Society spoils you all. Do you know that duke of yours would make a good fellow if he wasn't a duke, and Lord Oldin has his head as well screwed on as any man in the States, you too, are a clever woman yourself, Lady Frances," he continued. "I like you, and I guess I like your nobility—where they thaw."

Lady Frances could not altogether understand or appreciate Samuel W. Brown. Indeed, she was growing quite concerned in him. He had a habit of a calling on her at all times, giving

as an excuse that the girls were away with the boys, and he was lonely.

"I really believe," said Lady Frances to her friend Clare, "that wretched man is making love to me."

"Good gracious, my dear, how terrible! It will spoil all if you have to refuse him," cried Clare Melton.

By this time the Browns were celebrities. Every one had heard of the American heiresses; but Jack Trimson did not seem a bit nearer to marriage. Lady Frances was in despair.

"They will ruin me, between them," she moaned. "Why, I have actually overdrawn my account at the bank."

"It will be all right, mother, when I marry Katie. Old Sam will 'stump up the dollars,' as he expressed it," laughed Jack.

"I wish you would propose at once. We really cannot go on living in this extravagant manner. I am positively ruined," moaned Lady Frances.

"Fancy half a million of money, mother! Why, you can have as much as you like when it is mine."

Matters, however, gradually became desperate. Every body was talking of Jack and the heiress, and wondering why the engagement was kept a secret.

And by degrees they began to associate the name of Samuel W. Brown with that of Lady Frances Trimson.

"Fancy the old Tabby going in for that rich savage," said her dear friend, Lady Oldin, to her husband.

"He is worth a million of money," said his lordship, drily, "and Lady Frances is not rich."

At last the crisis came. Lady received an intimation from her banker that he could not cash any more of her checks. Nothing could save her, however, but Jack's engagements. On his arrival home her ladyship explained the startling news to him.

"I will propose tomorrow," he said; "but perhaps I had better write and get an appointment with the old gentleman and sound him."

He accordingly despatched the following note:

MY DEAR SIR:—Can you give me an interview tomorrow morning at eleven? I wish to speak with you on a very delicate subject, and hope to see you alone. Please remember me very kindly to your daughters, and believe me yours truly, J. TRIMSON.

"There, mother," he remarked, "the die is cast. Tomorrow will decide my fate."

The next morning while he was seated at breakfast with Lady Frances, a letter was handed to him by the servant. He read it, and then, after a little hesitation, passed it to his mother, it ran:

MY DEAR SIR:—I shall be most happy to see you as you suggested. If however, the delicate subject you refer to has reference to the absurd rumors connecting my name with your mother's, I hardly think you need trouble to call, as I am happy to say my wife is still alive. Yours is indeed a strange country. Just because your mother took a kindly interest in me, her friends immediately put it down that she is to become Mrs. Brown. I am sure there has never been anything in her conduct to justify such an assumption, and I venture to offer her through you my sympathy that her kind consideration should be so misunderstood. Believe me, very truly yours, SAMUEL W. BROWN.

"P. S. I see by your note you send kind remembrances to my daughters. They are at school in Boston. You mean, I presume, my nieces, Kate and Mary. Poor girls, they will find it hard work to settle down as governesses after the gayety you had shown them."

### The Blue Point Oyster.

The original Blue Point oyster was first discovered in Long Island waters nearly a century ago. At that time there was a portion of the Great South bay, opposite Blue Point, that was covered with blue mud and oysters were not supposed to exist in the muddy ground. The discovery was accidentally made by a fisherman who was dredging for an anchor that he had lost. The shells of the oysters were very dark and the oyster itself fat and luscious. It was not long before the discovery became known and men flocked to the ground by hundreds. A few of the baymen made fortunes, and it was nothing unusual for any man to take as high as 200 bushels in a single day. At the time there was a ready market for them at fifty cents per bushel. The bed naturally could not stand the continual drain and finally became exhausted. The oysters now caught off Patchogue and called Blue Points do not resemble the original Blue Points

and are inferior. They are of a light brown color and an entirely different shape, and do not grow naturally where found, but are cultivated.

### Quick Conclusions.

"Where's Dorothy?" said a bright little fellow. "I've been to the mail and have a letter for her."

"Oh, she's in her studio, drawing or engraving or something. She's always busy," answered the mother, pleasantly, adding, "when you come back I'll have a bag of cookies ready for you."

"Thank you. Can't I take them now?" said the boy, eagerly.

"No, I don't like to have crumbs scattered over the house, and so I always give my cookies to boys who are willing to eat out of doors."

"They are so nice. Most any boy would do that, Mrs. Porter," said the little fellow, as he ran away, quite unconscious that his petite little speech had earned for him an extra supply of cookies.

Now, as we don't eat Mrs. Porter's goodies, we will go with Bertie to the studio.

"Good morning, Bertie."

"Here's a letter for you, Dorothy."

"Thank you; you are very kind to go to the office so often for me."

The boy looked a little abashed, felt a great desire to whistle, then thought he wouldn't, and as Dorothy took open the letter he remembered the cookies and disappeared.

I suppose you know just how that room looked, and what is the use of my telling you about it?

Dorothy hadn't paid the least attention to you and me, and suddenly she laughs, a laugh that is all fun. When Dorothy has only Dorothy for company, that's the kind of a laugh she always laughs, and that's the kind I like to hear. Now I am going to tell you about that letter, and why Dorothy is so amused.

In the first place you must know that Dorothy is a very uncommon girl, and belongs to a remarkable family and this man who has been writing to her (for, of course, you haven't been simple enough not to suspect it was a man) belongs to another branch of the same family, and Dorothy thinks he must be very remarkable, although she has never seen him. He has written to her five or six times asking questions about her ancestors; he says he is going to write a book about the family, and perhaps he is. I don't know as much about him as I do about Dorothy. His letters have been very business like, with a gleam of fun once in a while. This one says:

"FEB. 17, 1883.

"DEAR MISS PORTER—Please send the date of your grandfather's death; also date of your great-grandmother's marriage. I have mislaid the inscriptions on the tombstones of the Pepperill branch; can you send a copy of them to me?"

Yours truly,  
R. P. HUTTON.

"P. S.—You might consider this a valentine."

Dorothy goes to an old fashioned secretary, and, with a smile lightning up every feature, writes:

"DEAR MR. HUTTON—Allow me to thank you for your poetic and tender epistle. I would not mention for the world that it was written some days after St. Valentine makes his annual visit. I would simply endeavor to appreciate the beauties of its diction. Had it been a business letter your questions would have been answered at once; as it is, I believe the St. wishes them left unanswered through the year. Sincerely,

"DOROTHY PORTER."

Dorothy posted her letter and thought of Mr. Hutton. I suppose you think I'm going to tell you just what she thought but I am not; that's for you to imagine. I'll mention that although she stayed in her studio all day, she seemed to accomplish very little. Dorothy always does things thoroughly, and when she muses she does it as she paints, with a great deal of vim.

"I never saw Dorothy so interested in post office," said Mrs. Porter. She has been once or twice herself, when we were not expecting a letter from any body in particular."

Even mothers don't always understand girls, not but I always understand mine.

In a day or two Dorothy's answer came. Don't let's be so ceremonious, I am so anxious to read it that I will peep over her shoulder, and nobody will see me, but the malleins, and they are country things. But I am not a bit afraid of them.

"DEAR MISS PORTER—I do not know whether to be displeased at your note or not. In one point of view it compels a very busy man to write an unnecessary letter; in another it affords an additional opportunity to hear from a very bright correspondent. I most humbly apologize for the levity of my postscript, and on my bended knees ask an answer to my question."

Here Dorothy turned over the letter before I had finished reading it (strange how inconsiderable some people are!) and all I could see was:

"P. S.—As you take this part of your letter most seriously to heart, please consider the above a business document of the highest importance requiring prompt attention. R. P. H."

Now what there was in that letter that I did not see might have been the most important of anything in it; and the most provoking part of it all is that I had some affairs of my own that I must attend to, even if I don't watch Dorothy. But this morning, after I had gone home, I happened to see among the news items in the *Gazette* that

"Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Hutton are at the Vendome for a few days."

Alack! Alack! I then he is married after all, and Dorothy in her studio is thinking too much about him.

What shall I do? I think a minute, and then pick up the paper and fold so that his name can be easily seen, and then slip into the studio while Dorothy has gone to speak to her mother, lay it near the easel, and hide behind the door. Now I don't like hiding behind doors, but how should I ever know whether Dorothy read that paper or not if I didn't?

Well, Dorothy came back and sat down at her easel without ever glancing at the paper. She was greatly interested in a bit of woodland she was sketching, and worked for an hour without stopping. How my poor legs did ache standing there afraid to move! For Dorothy can't bear anything that's mean, and, if she found me, she'd never speak to me again.

Oh, dear, I feel as the boys do in school who shy spit balls at the studios ones. I'd be willing to do anything to stop such amazing and ill timed industry. There, she's beginning to bite the end of her pencil. I think she's going to stop. Yes, her eye has caught the paper, and she takes it up and reads that item about "Mrs. Hutton" aloud.

"Dear me," she says quietly, "I had no idea he was married." Then, without a frown or a sign or another word, she falls to work again and draws for another hour. My poor legs! I shall drop! All my sympathies, too, was tided on heartless girl. She deserves to be an old maid and I hope she will be. What on earth can I do? The children will be at home from school, and no dinner ready. It must be 12, and I've stood here two good hours.

"Dorothy, Dorothy! come out for a race," cries Bertie at the open window.

"Blessing on thee, barefoot boy," answers Dorothy, and starts.

I start, too, and rush home to find my hungry children. House is empty! Have they gone back to school? I glance at the clock. Ten o'clock. Mercy on me, have I only been gone fifteen minutes and suffered all these agonies?

Now, I suppose you will say I am a very imaginative person, and you won't listen to anything more that I have to say. Well, I can't tell you any more about Dorothy, for my brother Isaac has come, and he says that his wife is sick, and he wants me to go and spend the winter with them and shut up my house. I've decided to go for Dorothy isn't worth watching, she is so cold hearted. No sentiment about her at all.

(Six months later.)

Isaac's wife is a dreadful feeble thing, and I was so busy I didn't have time to think much about Dorothy. But in the spring, Isaac went over to see if the house was all right, and he said there was a young fellow courting Dorothy. He said he called on Mrs. Porter, and saw the young man himself; said Mrs. Porter called him Roy, but his last name was Dutton.

"Hutton, you mean," cried I. "Roy Hutton. R. P. Hutton. I must go home and see about it. It is a wicked shame; that girl is deceiving her mother, and the man has one wife already."

"Nonsense," said Isaac; have you ever seen him?"

I didn't take much notice of Isaac, but left the children and started home.

I opened the house and made myself comfortable, and then dropped in to see Mrs. Porter. I hadn't been there more than ten minutes before Mrs. Porter said:

"I suppose you know Dorothy is engaged?"

"I should think she'd be shamed," said I, getting angrily, "to engage herself to a man that has one wife already, but I suppose they'll live in Utah."

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Porter, turning red in the face like a turkey gobbler.

"Why," said I, very loud, "Dorothy knows he's married; she saw about his wife in the paper." I wasn't going to be put down by Mrs. Porter, not I.

"I don't believe one word of it!" cried Mrs. Porter.

"Ask Dorothy," said I, thinking that would convince her.

Then Mrs. Porter was mad, and how she did talk. She told me that I was a meddling gossip, interfering with other people's business instead of staying at home to take care of my children, and—well, just at that moment Dorothy and Roy came in, and Dorothy looked from one to the other and said:

"What's the matter?"

"Why, this woman here," said Mrs. Porter, as if she could think of nothing quite contemptuous enough to call me, "says that Roy is married, and that you know it."

"You have made some queer mistake," said Dorothy, as pleasantly as possible. "Won't you tell us all you know about it?"

I was so thunderstruck at the way Dorothy took it that I could not say a word.

"Come, come, I want to know when I married and whom!" said the young man, laughing.

"You ought to know," said I, indignantly, "I'm sure I don't. I saw in the paper about Mrs. R. P. Hutton staying at the Vendome, and I knew Dorothy had been writing a good many letters to Mr. Hutton, and I thought she mightn't know he was married, and so I showed her the paper, and now she is engaged to you just the same."

"Who is the fellow?" cried Roy fiercely, turning to Dorothy.

"My cousin," said Dorothy, "four or five times removed, who is writing a history of the family and wanted information about our particular branch. And now," she continued, turning to me, "allow me to introduce Mr. Roy Dutton, who is no relation to Mr. Rueben Hutton, and who is not married."

"Yet," interrupted the young man, "but is going to be soon," and the saucy fellow actually kissed Dorothy before us both.

"You don't seem to mind being kissed, Dorothy," said I severely.

"No said Roy, 'she's had that pleasure before.'"

They both looked so good natured that I couldn't help saying:

"I hope you'll be very happy."

"We intend to," returned the young man, and then we all laughed, and I shook hands with Mrs. Porter, and I thought of saying "Forgive me," but the words stuck in my throat. Still I think she understood, for she offered me some doughnuts for my tea that night.

I've wondered since if what Mrs. Porter said was true, that I was a meddling gossip, and I've concluded to be just a little careful. But then most anybody would have made the same mistake that I did. Don't you think that Hutton and Dutton sound very much alike?—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

### Odds and Ends of Wool.

Odds and ends of wool may be utilized with pretty effect for afghans. The bits of wool are knotted together according to fancy, the ends being left about an inch in length. They are crocheted together with a coarse needle in plain stitch. The knots must be kept on one side, so the longer pieces of wool should be used for the return row for the under side. If, however, all the bits are small it is a simple matter to draw the knots through to the upper side. The ends of the wool have a mossy look, and the varied colors have a cheerful effect.

Electric lights let down among the fish nets used about the Isle of Man are very successful in attracting large numbers of fish.



# THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 162d Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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## THOSE GOING TO WASHINGTON

Must get certificates before they start. If they do not, they can not get a reduction in their fare for the return trip. The ticket-agent who sells you your ticket will give you a certificate on one of the days between the 22d and the 29th of June. Ask him for one.

No deaf-mute in the United States should fail to read the next issue of the JOURNAL. It will be filled with interesting reading matter concerning the lives and labors of the Gallaudets. The paper will be profusely illustrated and should be retained as a memento of the Gallaudet centennial commemoration.

Besides the special reports of the unveiling of the Gallaudet statue, the happenings of a week among the "silent ones" will be faithfully chronicled. Send your orders for extra copies early; for although we will print a much larger edition than usual, the rush for JOURNALS may exhaust it before all have been supplied.

The *Silent World*, which started out with such virtuous declarations, appears to be fast degenerating in tone and purpose. The last issue contains matter that no self-respecting "we" would admit. The tirade of abuse leveled at a graduate of the National Deaf-Mute College in one of its columns, does not seem to spring from any motives save those of jealousy. The *Silent World* says that the person selected to respond to the toast "The College," at the banquet in Washington, is not worthy of the honor, and "some other graduate" ought to have been chosen. Perhaps the *Silent World* editor would prefer S. G. Davidson. Now, really, this is too much. The committee knew what they were about when Mr. T. F. Fox was selected. It will become a college graduate to publicly vent his spleen upon a brother graduate, and to attempt to cover it up by pretending another reason than envy, makes it appear all the worse.

Another thing the *Silent World* needs to be cautioned about, and that is to let the private business of the JOURNAL and its editor severely alone. What the editor of the JOURNAL does in a private business capacity is nobody's business, and if the *Silent World* does not recognize that fact, and does not cease publishing misrepresentations concerning the editor of the JOURNAL, we will be obliged to resort to more effective measures than this gentle hint.

Our college correspondent explains the true animus of the omission in conferring the L. H. D. degree upon two gentlemen super-eminent in the profession of educating deaf-mutes. Several of the little papers referred to the omission, and one of the JOURNAL writers commented upon it. There seems to be no doubt that a slight was not intended; but, at least, the college is indebted to those who questioned the motive of the omission, because an opportunity was thereby given to publicly free it from a wrong impression that had gone abroad and would otherwise have remained uncorrected. No good cause can suffer by honest, outspoken criticism, and in this case the college will be the gainer.

Those who have distorted honest sentiment into malignant spite, should now hang their heads in humble shame.

Those who have been clamoring for the removal of Mr. Eli P. Baker, Superintendent of the Indiana Institution, will have their feelings somewhat relieved by the intelligence that he has resigned.

Whatever can be charged against Mr. Baker, it will be conceded that he had at heart the interests of the deaf-mute children under his care. His only fault seems to be that he had no previous experience among deaf-mutes, when he assumed the position at the head of the Institution at Indianapolis. That was his misfortune, not his fault. Now that he has become more familiar with the deaf and possesses a better understanding of their needs, he leaves the chair for another occupant. Let us hope his successor will bring to the office the experience and ability that the welfare of the school demands.

## ITEMIZER.

### Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent to: *The Itemizer*.

The father of Maggie Treas, of Danville, Pa., accidentally shot himself while out gunning, on June 13th, and died from loss of blood.

Willie A. Stearns, of La Porte, Pa., and wife is spending their honeymoon with his many friends and will remain under the sun in Erieville, N. Y., when his roaming will be over.

The rumor that Miss Housell, of Newark, is to be married is untrue. Miss Housell is not even acquainted with the gentleman who has been mentioned as her prospective husband.

Residents of Brooklyn are invited to St. Mark's Church, Adelphi Street, between Wiloughby and Dekalb Avenues, next Sunday afternoon, June 23d, at three.

Jacob Krupp, of Sandusky, O., and Nye Brown, of Syracuse, N. Y., had quite a time in Toledo, O., recently. They saw the ball game, took in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium, etc. Nye has now gone to Chicago.

Apollo Club will not have a camping out in Westville, N. J., this season, but will start it at Paulsboro, N. J., near Mantua Creek, on the 3d of July for a week, and also thereafter every Saturday till Monday morning for three months. The club will have a picnic there on the 4th of July. All mates are welcome.

The death of Laura Bridgman ends a wonderful career. While some people have been discontented with the evidence of five senses, this lady has lived an intelligent and happy life, with increasing knowledge and uninterrupted communion with the outer world, with the aid of scarcely more than the sense of touch. Divines have used her experiences in support of the soul's immortality, psychologists and metaphysicians have cited her in their doctrines of sensations and ideas, and in whichever way we consider this strange spectacle of a soul cribbed, caged and confined, with but one outlet to the world, yet alert, strong and vivid in its intellectual life, the more we wonder on the mystery of our being, and feel confirmed in our knowledge of the indestructibility of mind.—*The Churchman*, June 1.

Mr. George Homer writes from Venice that it is the most bewitching spot she has found in Italy. It is full of novelty as well as beauty, for no horse or wagon is to be found in all Venice. The streets are of water, and the slender black boats called gondolas are its carriages; while steam launches are its only street cars.

In the evening, St. Mark's Square is the centre of Venetian life; on three sides rise marble palaces, their lower stories occupied by cafes, and stores ablaze with lights, and on the fourth side stands the famous church of St. Mark: a mass of marble columns and gold mosaic. Here from sunset till midnight, the Venetians promenade or form social groups around the cafe tables, listening to the music; others prefer the water, which is covered with hundreds of gondolas, but everywhere, rich and poor, parents and children, are out of doors, enjoying the gaiety and mingling with noise and disturbance. The whole scene is dream-like and full of beauty.

## A Suicide.

Ebeners P. Dyer committed suicide at Unity, Me., on Sunday morning, by shooting himself over the heart with a pistol. He was a deaf-mute, aged sixty-seven years. For twelve years, Dyer has lived with the Hon. Joseph Farwell. Despondency was the cause of the deed.

## He Wants Idle Rumors Stopped.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—I would like through the columns of your valuable paper to correct a statement made concerning me, in a late issue of the *Silent World*, which says that I was recently found lying in a hospital some where in New Jersey, stricken down with some terrible disease. This is in every way false, as I have been confined to my bed (and am now) ever since my return to Wellsborough, about the last of December, with severe lung trouble, excepting a trip of about four weeks, which I made to Colorado hoping to get relief.

Trusting you will publish this, so that all idle rumors, such as the one published by the *Silent World*, may be stopped, I remain

Very respectfully,

LEE W. BAILEY.

WELLSBOROUGH, PA., June 11, '89.

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## Those L. H. D. Degrees.

## AT GREAT FALLS.

## Summer Notes.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

In common with all the deaf of the country, we have a very sincere respect for both Dr. L. L. Peet, of New York, and Dr. P. G. Gillett, of Illinois, and it is with no little regret that we are forced to drag their names into a petty controversy. However, as it chanced that the degree of L. H. D. was conferred on our last Presentation Day upon several well-known gentlemen and not upon either Dr. Peet or Dr. Gillett, several persons have quite unnecessarily taken up cudgels in defence of these gentlemen, and have proclaimed far and wide the grievance which they are supposed to have against the college. One writer piously hopes "that the oversight was not intentional," but is obliged to regard it as "a significant omission." Both Dr. Peet and Dr. Gillett will doubtless be everlastingly obliged to these officious people who have put them in what is at best a rather embarrassing position. It may be doing these gentlemen a service to save them from their would-be friends.

The superintendent of the Illinois Institution and the principal of the New York Institution are properly addressed as Dr. Gillett and Dr. Peet, by virtue of L.L.D., which each has received. But the superintendents of the California, Minnesota and Hartford Schools are (or were) plain Mr. Wilkinson, Mr. Noyes and Mr. Williams, though each has devoted a life-time to the work of educating the deaf, and as the head of a large school has been remarkably successful. The faculty, in conferring upon them the degree of L. H. D., simply bestowed a token of appreciation of their merit which was unnecessary in the case of Dr. Peet and Dr. Gillett, since other colleges had already recognized the importance of their services. While there was nothing to prevent the faculty from conferring the degree of L. H. D. upon any one, yet there was no imperative reason why it should be bestowed upon any particular person. This college has always been very chary in the matter of bestowing honorary degrees; the number of degrees bestowed last May was unusually large, and is a departure from all precedent; and this in itself is reason enough for bestowing degrees upon those only who, both by the importance of their services and by the absence hitherto of any token of appreciation, most demanded this recognition. That the selection of the persons upon whom the degree was to be conferred was a deep laid scheme to affront two warm friends of the college and its president, is an idea which does little credit to the common sense of its originators. As to Mr. Hutton, of Nova Scotia, though eminently worthy of the honor of the degree of L. H. D., he has already (1869, we believe), received the degree of M.A. from this college, and to confer a second honorary degree upon the same person would be an unusual proceeding, savoring very much of servility.

In making this explanation, we are in no sense "voicing the opinions of the faculty." The views above expressed are those held by the students of the college, and are probably very nearly correct. We, assuredly, have not ventured to catechise the faculty and to demand an explanation of its proceedings. That is an impertinence reserved for people not connected with the college, notably editors of three-column school papers.

As was chronicled last week, the Ephphatha Sunday School, of this Institution, devoted the contributions received at its concerts to the relief of the sufferers by the flood in the neighborhood of Great Falls. The sum so disposed of was thirty-four dollars and thirteen cents. As it was desired that the money should reach those who had so often done acts of kindness to the students while in camp, Harrah, '89, and Sanders, '93, were commissioned to go up and distribute the money. They went up Tuesday afternoon, and did not reach home until after one o'clock at night. They reported the damage as very great. Every house between the hotel lock and the camping place has been swept away, except one. All of the locks have been destroyed, the walk-path has been washed into the river for long distances, most of the retaining walls have been overthrown, and the bed of the canal, which is almost perfectly dry, has been strewn with bowlders, tree trunks and miscellaneous debris. The ledge, upon which the students used to pitch their tents, is intact, but the great basin, before it is now dry, and it is possible to walk dry shod to the two little islands in front of the camp. The place where so many generations of students have passed the happiest and most careless week of their college life, now presents a scene of peculiar desolation. All of the advantages it formerly possessed as a camping place are now gone, and our students must seek some other place for their annual boating. It may seem strange, but there are some men who fire the destruction of "Camp of Gallaudet," much more keenly than

they do the prospect of learning college forever.

There is a great deal of destitution and suffering at Great Falls, and the assistance which the students were able to render, was very gratefully received. The families who occupied the houses destroyed by the high water are huddled together in an empty wardrobe attached to the stores at the falls. These people depended upon the canal for a living, and now that this waterway is finally abandoned, they are at loss where to turn, and present a picture of pitiful distress.

Mrs. Hotchkiss and her little son left for New Haven, last Thursday morning. They were accompanied by Mrs. Hotchkiss will remain in New Haven until joined by the professor, and they will then spend the vacation in the Catskills.

Dr. Gallaudet is expected back from Hartford on Saturday, the 15th. Mr. Wight will leave for New York next Monday, on his way to attend the International Sunday School Congress in London. He sails from New York on the 19th.

This is probably the last letter, which we shall ever write in the capacity of college correspondent. Three years is a pretty long term of service, and in these three years we have furnished copy for three hundred and eighty three feet of leaded long primer. Hence, it is natural that we lay down our pen with a sigh of relief. We do not intend to deliver any formal valedictory to our readers, though we have precedent enough therefor. We have tried to furnish them with a readable and reasonably correct chronicle of the college events of each week. If they have been pleased therewith, we are satisfied. We resign our position with the conviction that in the course of our service we have acquired more bad habits of rhetorical expression and grammatical construction than we can get rid of in the next nine years. Good bye.

KENDALL GREENS, JUNE 14, 1889.

## ROUNDABOUT NOTES.

There are some natures that have been so systematically trained to fawning servility that it becomes a second nature to them. Nowhere do so large a proportion of such people exist than among the deaf, who are expected to regard certain individuals and places as simply perfect and beyond all criticism. Whatever opinion they may privately hold, they dare not, from interested motives, hazard an expression. This is one practice common among the deaf in our schools and elsewhere, that will stand a good deal of reform. A little more independence will go a great way to improving them in this respect. Our hearing friends are permitted to criticise us without mercy, and they do it too; we pick out each other's flaws and no one regards it as invidious, but let us attempt to speak freely of certain idols of our class that we are set upon with all the invectives in the vocabulary.

Candid criticism of a really good object can do no harm, for in printing out errors of omission and commission an honest critic rather aids than harms it. The "Notes" have been, and will continue to be, written without fear or favor, and the general public and private expressions of appreciation which has greeted them, convinces us that the cry of treason emanating from an institution sheet is simply a cover for the personal spleen of one individual. We aim not at personality but principle. Our accuser, acting upon the maxim ascribed to Voltaire, "Throw mud enough and some of it will be sure to stick," exposes the real animus of his attack, and he probably hopes that it will bring him additional subscriptions from a certain neighborhood. If this be the extent of his business sagacity, he is entitled to such questionable returns.

It may be high treason to hold an opinion, and to make comment upon a subject that has become public property through newspaper discussion; if so, we prefer to be a traitor in the sense of being free to think as we please, and to express our opinions in whatever manner we choose. And we think our conduct much less reprehensible than certain doings of our critic, which, at the proper time and with more leisure at our disposal, we hope to give full record.

THE OBSERVER.

## Guth's Letter.

Miss Gertrude Stubert expects to have a pleasant visit from her chum, Miss Evans, of Kenton, Ohio, this month.

Elmer Adams is busily working at papering and painting. He will probably start a shoe shop of his own in Richmond in the fall. He makes an excellent cobbler.

Emma, Julia and Mary are expected home from their school in Columbus this week.

Will, Barton, a semi-mute, who has never been to school, is employed in the *Daily Gazette* chapel, as a compositor at Delaware, and much of the excellence in his art aspiration is due to the fact that he learned the trade in a small office in a small town. He has improved his mind in the acquisition of the English, and understands the conversation of deaf-mutes. His father is a lawyer at LaRue, Ohio.

Miss Minnie Small becomes a bride, she is going to be married to Mr. W. Barton at the Small residence at 136 Blymyer street. Miss Small is one of

the prettiest deaf-mute ladies, and wifehood gains a fine jewel in her. Mr. Barton is a semi-mute, and a gentleman in manners. Hewon her heart. Theirs is to be a pretty home wedding and the guests will number but a small attendance or so—the families and a few of the bride and groom's intimate mute friends. The marriage will take place on Thursday, June 20th, at 8 P.M.

Now the Ohio Deaf-Mute Alumni Association will hold the seventh meeting at Columbus, Ohio, the last Friday, Saturday and Sunday, of next August. Graduates who hold certificates, are welcome to be present. Hope the meeting will be highly successful and gratifying to the members. Mr. G. O. Fay will be there at the same time, we expect.

## Gallaudet Centennial Memorial Fund.

TREASURER'S BULLETIN, No. 79.

KENDALL GREENS, WASHINGTON, D. C., June 15, 1889.

Received from Mr. and Mrs. John Carlin, New York City, \$1.00

From Dakota, raised by pupils of the School at Sioux Falls, through Philip Axling, viz:

By P. Axling, Big Springs,	9 00
" Otto E. Broxty, Madison,	8 50
" E. Hanson, Watertown,	3 00
" T. Kapauun, Montrose,	4 18
" L. E. Garrison, Emery,	25
" C. H. Leucks, Brookfield,	2 46
" P. D. Peters, Monroga,	1 95
" Edith Ross, Vermilion,	3 25
" Ralph H. Carver, Britton,	4 00

From subscribers in Maryland, through Albert G. Buxton, 5 00

From New England, through Wm. H. Weeks, viz:

From Maine,	53 70
" Vermont,	33 00
" Massachusetts,	70 84
" Connecticut,	93 33
" Rhode Island,	19 50

From interest on the same, 267 77

subscribers in Maryland, through James S. Wells, 9 67

subscribers in North Carolina, through Z. W. Haynes, collected by Miss Mary McKeller, 1 75

New York, collected by pupils of the Institution for Improved Instruction, through F. W. Nubser, (subject to the condition that should there be sufficient funds to meet the expenses of erecting the monument, then this sum or the residue of it shall be held in trust by the Columbia Institution, the interest to be devoted to the preservation and care of the monument.) 8 50

By Irwin Oppenheimer, 56 25

123 subscribers, 40 subscribers, 56 25

By Arthur C. Bachrach, 39 50

By Henry Kolman, 25 75

" — Schlafer, 12 50

" John Schreiner, 12 50

" John J. Sheehy, 10 00

" William Waters, 6 50

" Joseph Graham, Jr., 216 05

From New York, through T. A. Froehlich, 65 00

By Leopold Lowenstein, 12 50

" Louis Lowenstein, 4 00

" Herman Eschert, 25 00

" William R. Grace, 25 00

" Miss Catharine Blaavelt, 5 00

" Cash, 1 00

" Morris Korngold, 2 50

" Miss Pauline Strahle, 2 40

" Miss Sarah F. Emanuel, 3 50

" Mrs. Charlotte H. Barton, 1 50

" Miss Lucy Barton, 2 50

" Mrs. E. Souweine, 18 25

" D. H. Brophy, (Conn.), 1 00

109 35

Total new receipts, 716 48

Acknowledged in last bulletin, 457 75

Total with Treasurer, 1,174 23

With U. S. Trust Company, 5,500 00

Total cash on hand, 6,674 23

Due from R. B. Lawrence, New Orleans, La., 71 00

Total assets, 6,745 23

AMOS G. DRAPER, Treasurer.

## Good for New England.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—We wish to thank the kickers for the unexpected excitement that enabled New England to send two delegates to Paris instead of one or none. When the matter began to be agitated in New England, Mr. Bailey and I agreed that there would be no prospect of contributions for the delegates' benefit. We are particularly pleased that Old Hartford will be well represented in the International Congress. This extraordinary occasion reminds me of Barnum, the world-renowned showman, saying in his autobiography that the principal secret of his business success is excitement. It is nonsensical to refuse to recognize either Mr. Frisbee or Mr. Hill as New England's representative. We are pleased to notice that Rev. Job Turner and Rev. Dr. Gallaudet are going abroad. The former is a genuine Boston deaf-mute that graduated from the American Asylum in 1839, when he was called to Virginia to teach school. He will make an agreeable or impressive contract to the young American delegates to Paris. I have written to Mrs. George Homer requesting her to grace the International Congress with her presence. She may possibly be the only American lady there. She is my old particular friend. Her son in New Bedford wrote me saying that she will remain in Europe until August 24th. We wish all the American delegates a prosperous passage and good time, and will wait for the news from Paris with interest.

W. K. CHASE.

## DROWNED.

DEAR EDITOR:—It becomes my sorrowful duty to tell the friends of Miss Mamie Hay, through the JOURNAL, of her death, as they have not yet heard anything about her. She used to associate with many deaf-mutes, and was well-known to them. They will feel much grieved to hear that they shall never be able to see her sweet and pretty countenance again.

We lost her by a sudden death. It was very pitiful, for she was such a beautiful young lady. We were often much pleased to see her, but it drives us frantic to think that she has been snatched away from us. We know it was God's will, though we really mourn our loss. She left her heartbroken mother—a widow, and three brothers at 122 Charlton Street. She was employed in the store of a button importing firm on Broadway, and supported her family very generously. God took her up to his Judgment throne on Tuesday, June 11th, and no doubt, He opened the beautiful pearly gates of heaven to her, and now she lives in the best world very happy forever, singing, praising to God and playing sweet music, that never tires and unceasingly rolls. Her mother and brothers may hope to meet her once more when they leave this earth. They have our deep heartfelt sympathy.

I now tell how she met her death. Her death will teach people a good lesson.

The reckless advice of two young men and their subsequent desertion of their friend, when this advice was taken, caused the death by drowning, last Tuesday, of our poor friend, Miss Mamie Hay, President of the Rainbow Circle of the Kings' Daughters, and an active young lady in the work of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church Sunday-School.

About two hundred attendants of the school had an excursion to Iona Island, and about noon her friends, Misses Laura Crawford, Lizzie Scott and our friend were invited by the two young men, relatives of Miss Scott, to a boat ride around the island. All consented, except Miss Crawford, who waited until the party made a second trip. Upon returning, both of the young men yelled to Miss Crawford to jump into the little row-boat, which was about six feet distant from the wharf, and they would catch her. She and the two young ladies in the boat protested viciously against her doing anything of the kind, but finally one of the young fellows prevailed upon Miss Crawford to jump. She leaped, but landed with one foot on one side of the boat and by her weight capsize it. In capsizeing the boat struck our poor friend on the head. The Misses Crawford and Scott, upon coming to the top, clung to the boat, and through the timely aid rendered by Pastor Halsey, who saw the accident, were rescued. The heartless men who were in the boat, neglected the women and swam to the shore and disappeared. Alas, our friend's body sank instantly. It was recovered late on the night of June 11th, through the diligent search of a party of friends of our late friend, under the direction of Pastor Halsey. After an inquest had been by the Coroner of Rockland County, the body was brought to this city. It was placed in a very elegant black clothed casket. Many grand lovely flowers were given. Our friend was buried on Thursday afternoon, after services at the Spring Street Presbyterian Church. She was a constant Christian, and spoke kindly about deaf-mutes. No doubt, everybody joins me in giving our most heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Hay and her sons.

Yours, in sorrow,

EDW. WHALEN.

## Third National Convention.

Since mention has been made recently of the advantage of the Convention's meeting in the city of Washington, June 27-28, we have made inquiries and have learned that, on the whole, this proposition will be no great improvement over what has been agreed to heretofore.

We have long since accepted President Gallaudet's cordial offer to meet in the College chapel, June 26th, 27th and 28th.

President Gallaudet has arranged all with a view to our comfort and convenience, expects to provide a lunch for the three days of the Convention, making it possible for us to hold morning and afternoon sessions, with an intermission for lunch. Delegates will thus need to come out in the morning to remain until late in the afternoon.

Aside from these points in favor of the original arrangements, it would be extremely discourteous to Dr. Gallaudet now to decline the offer already accepted.

If the Committee's decision was at fault, it is now too late to alter arrangements which are by this time completed.

Let it be understood, that in view of these circumstances, we do not feel inclined to consider the matter further.

THEO. A. FROELICH, Chairman, Ex. Com. NEW YORK, June 15, '89.

## REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

June 21—Dubois, Pa.

" 23—Pittsburgh, 10:30 A.M. The Holy Communion.

" 23—Pittsburgh, 3 P.M. Evening Prayer and Sermon.

" 27—Washington, D. C.

## Kansas Squibs.

Henry Sickle went down to Kansas City, Saturday to see the game of base-ball between the Olathe Institute base-ball club and the Young Men's Athletic Association Club. Henry would walk fifty miles to see a ball game.

"Chox Tozz" went visiting down to Tonga last Sunday, and remained over night. There was a lively social party of three that remained up till early in the morning, passing the time in stories, jokes and anecdotes.

Miss Colla Cox was visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Scott, at Leavenworth. She expects to come again soon, and pass the summer.

Isaac Jones thinks of throwing up his job soon, and taking to the road. Isaac, stick to steady work. When he has to subsist on corn husks, he will see the force of this remark.

School will close Tuesday, June 11. The commencement exercises will be held Wednesday, the 10th. How many will graduate is not known to us.

The institution base-ball club is feeling big since its victory over the Menges Club, the champions of Kansas City.

Norman Hunt is a good ball player, and will be heard from as more than an amateur in the not distant future. Frank Scott is the best known and most popular mute of Kansas.

One of the most successful and energetic mute



# FANWOOD.

## A Week of Examination and Ice Cream.

### PLANTING THE IVY AND ITS CEREMONIES.

#### COMMENCEMENT.

#### A Funeral Ceremony—A Strawberry—A Banquet—A Surprise and Other Parties.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Examination for this year's school term is over. Thoughts of all are now turned vacationward, and before the JOURNAL has been distributed among its numerous readers they will be on their homeward way.

The committee appointed by the Board of Directors to conduct the examinations, were Messrs. A. T. Brown and J. Hood Wright. The High Classes, taught by Prof. Currier and Miss Ida Montgomery, were examined by Rev. Dr. M. Van Rensselaer; the primary department at the Mansion House, by Mr. C. W. Minor, of Tarrytown; the Art Department, by Mr. Lenox, of one of the Trenton potteries, and by other eminent artists, a report of which may be heard of later.

The special competitive examination for superior excellence in all studies pursued in the High Class under the instruction of Prof. E. H. Currier, was held on Friday and Monday, the 14th and 17th. By request of the instructor of the class, the work of examining the candidates, was directed by Prof. Fox, who examined them in the curriculum of the High Class, including English language, and composition, Geography, United States History, Arithmetic, History of England, Algebra, Physiology, Natural Philosophy, Moral Science, Logic and Rhetoric. The result was a triumph for Mr. John H. Geary, who sustained a general average of 9.82, which fairly entitled him to the honor of valedictorian and a Holbrook gold medal.

These examinations occupied two days, and no sooner were the pupils let loose than the different classes set about getting up parties of various kinds. So many and such brilliant gatherings as those that have taken place here during the past week, fails to come within the range of our recollection during the past seventeen years of Institution life. We, therefore beg the indulgence of all concerned if we fail to do each affair justice. The first on the list was

#### A FUNERAL CEREMONY

by the High Class boys, over their old copy books and other school papers. The pyre was formed on the grounds near the residence of Mme. Le Prince, a beautiful, shady spot near the river. After an oration was delivered and a dirge sung in their peculiar way, the pile was set on fire. Joining hands and forming a circle around the consuming element, they danced and yelled in true Indian style until the pile grew smaller and smaller and the wicked and hungry looking flames had died away leaving nothing but ashes, which they gathered up and scattered to the four winds.

On the same evening (Thursday), the "I. M. C.," consisting of the young lady pupils of Miss Ida Montgomery, got up

#### A "STRAW RIDE."

The largest wagon that Sanger's livery stable could produce was engaged for the occasion, which was decorated with flags. The circle, too, was a pretty sight in themselves. They looked both pretty and sweet, and this was increased by their liveliness and the bright and fancy costumes they had on. The choice of route was left entirely to the driver's discretion. The route in and out through the many streets and avenues, to Mount Morris Park and back, was very satisfactory to the young ladies. On their return, at about nine o'clock, after two hours of jolly outing, they assembled in a private room to wind up the fun in feasting on ice cream and cake, etc.

Next in order came

#### THE "BANQUET,"

given by the "Reynard Club," at the residence of Prof. and Mrs. Fox, and a party at the home of Prof. Jones on Friday evening.

The former was, in every respect, a "tony" affair. Tables were set for fifty guests, among whom were Dr. I. L. Peet and wife, Prof. and Mrs. Currier, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Hodgson and little Miss Beatrice, Misses Hawkins and Barrager and Supervisor Malloy and G. S. Porter. Beautiful hand-painted menu cards, with original designs by Mrs. Fox, were placed by the side of each plate, showing her skill as an artist, and the courses, which she prepared with the assistance of Dr. Peet's Japanese cook, her knowledge in the culinary art. The courses were many, and for want of space we reluctantly omit, but let it be said that they were of the highest order of excellence. The rooms were decorated with evergreens, and it is safe to say that a happier number of youthful pupils never before sat down to a banquet table of this magnitude

and elegance on Washington Heights. It was intended as a "send off" in honor of Prof. Fox, and a bon voyage, for his Paris trip in the latter part of this month.

From Prof. Jones, and his pupils we learn that his party was also very enjoyable, though in a more modest way. Other parties of a similar nature were held by Miss Barrager, Walter B. Peet's pupils, and in fact, most every class had its own separate party.

The one given by male members of the High Class, called an "Ice-cream and Strawberry Festival," was also quite "tony," as the lavishness of the quantity and quality of refreshments served indicated. Invitation cards, neatly printed, were sent out to twenty-five people, announcing the festival to come off in their school room at three o'clock in the afternoon of Monday last.

Among the other parties held was one in honor of Miss Frankie C. Hawkins' birthday, on Saturday, the 15th. It was limited to a few persons, and was very enjoyable.

#### A SURPRISE.

The young ladies of the High Class, assisted by those of the First Class of the female grammar department, both of which classes are under the instruction of Miss Ida Montgomery, gave that accomplished lady a most agreeable surprise in their class-room on Monday 17th. The occasion marked the 25th Anniversary of Miss Montgomery's remarkably brilliant career as a teacher, and upon entering her class-room, she was surprised by her pupils, fellow-teachers and intimate friends who had gathered together to do honor to her. The class-room was tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens. On the teacher's desk rested three magnificent bouquets of rare flowers while the surface of the desk was littered with congratulatory missals from her loving pupil. But by far the sweetest sentiments on the occasion was the inscription on the large slate which read:

#### IDA MONTGOMERY,

1864-1889.

For twenty-five years, an earnest and faithful teacher.  
"Far and near her name is named with love and reverence."  
"For her heart is full of love, and her hands are full of charity."  
"Let her own works praise her."

These kind expressions were supplemented by numerous tokens of love, including flowers and a handsome Morocco bound copy of Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song."

Miss Montgomery began her work of teaching in 1864, after an exceptionally brilliant course in the High Class. Her ability as a teacher became so evident that, within a short time, she became an assistant teacher in the High Class, and subsequently, was given full charge of the female High Class, which position she has held for the past seven years. Her success as a teacher of the deaf has been something remarkable. Possessing qualities of heart which attracts her to her pupils, she has the faculty of discerning what they lack and knows how to supply the deficiency. She is an honor to the profession she adorns, and is a living example of the distinguished success that may be attained by a really able deaf teacher.

#### PLANTING THE IVY.

Monday evening came the ivy planting ceremonies by the graduating members. It took place in a well chosen spot before a large crowd of interested people, including the pupils. The oration on the occasion was delivered in signs by Max Miller and interpreted orally by Dr. Peet.

#### THE IVY ORATION.

*Graduating Class.*—Under the vast canopy of the heavens, ornamented by the white clouds that move in grand procession, and illumined by the rays of the setting sun, we gather here with saddened hearts to bid last farewell to our majestic *Alma Mater* that has done so many kind, motherly deeds in sheltering and caring for us during our school life, during which time, thanks to the untiring efforts of teachers and officers of their respective departments, we have acquired our education and a knowledge of the various trades and sciences, with a good education and trade combined, we are awaiting cheerfully for the proper time to arrive, when we should be summoned to enter the busy world. Let us never falter in face of dread obstacles, and give up the fight gloriously. The important question that now confronts us is, "What shall we do after leaving our leave of this dear place; shall we become a burden upon the public? I say emphatically, nay, nay. It shall be our object to fight for our very lives and souls by every means to keep from being drawn in dependence, and so prove that the children of silence must not be considered on a par with idiots, lunatics, etc., but able to rise higher and higher till the Angel of Death arrests our progress.

Now let us all take a fond glance at the ivy just planted by the hand of a charming lady, who, like the rest of us, is about to go forth in a new life. This ivy suggests the idea of countless struggles and hardships to be endured in long months of heat and cold without special care or attention directed to nurture its life, but left to its fate. After all, it will surely emerge out of the battle victorious. So this example apply to us. May we remember in heart how the ivy, with the elements of patience and perseverance, scales the cold, gray walls inch by inch. May our class motto of '89, "Strive for the Right," be our watchword during our struggles for position and prominence. May our hearts be infused with the recollection that, with merciful aid from Providence, we can succeed in any honorable attempt that we may undertake, thus adding to the fame and glory of our splendid *Alma Mater*.

A few hours more, most of us will be recognized as full-fledged graduates, and will be called upon to encounter the long train of innumerable evils. Then may we overcome them by heeding the dictates of our conscience, since we can no longer call upon the Institution for advice or aid, as we have done during many years. Our teachers have again and again stimulated our minds with vivid pictures of real life. With this valuable advice for our guide, we hope to be able to grapple with the world, to maintain our honor, and never to take a downward course into insignificance.

Think how many days we have spent foolishly in the past, never fanning that some day would call us to lay aside our school books forever, and sever our ties of

intimacy. How we would have obtained more wisdom than we are now possessed of, had we used all our time wisely. But these hours are, for us, past. We can never again claim them. The world moves on, and tops for no man.

And now that we are on the very threshold of the world, and about to swell the already enormously full ranks of workers. Let all of you remember our class, which will cheer you in your various businesses, and may you, one and all, become prosperous men and women. I bid you a heartfelt farewell.

Principal Peet then made a few remarks, saying that the young orator had very carefully prepared a speech that had many new ideas, and that how could he, on the spur of the moment, add any thing more. It was addressed from the south-end of the piazza. Profs. Currier and Fox also said a few appropriate and well-chosen words, and Miss Ida Montgomery stepped forward and bade all farewell. Then the graduating members assembled in the parlors, where they were treated to ice cream and cake by Superintendent Brainerd.

#### COMMENCEMENT.

The exercises were of more than ordinary interest, and were witnessed by a large throng of visitors. The prize winners in the several departments and classes will be noticed in our next.

The following is the salutatory address delivered by Mr. Charles T. Thompson:

*LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.*—In behalf of the graduates of '89, I bid you all welcome to the Institution, and hope that you will carefully inspect the various departments, and therein satisfactory evidences of progress. This Institution opens wide her doors to all the deaf-mutes in this great State, so that no one of this class can have any excuse for growing up in ignorance. In the seventy-one years of corporate existence, more than three thousand five hundred children have been educated and gone forth into the world self-supporting men and women. The whole history of the Institution indicates a healthful progression.

Narrow views of life and possibilities attainable have even been taken, but always a broad, comprehensive course of systematic advancement, limited only by the ability of the individual.

Today completes another school year, and we, who are to go forth from the protecting care of what has been to us for so many years, are about to put on our own feet. The things we have here received, go forth fully armed and equipped for the duties of American men and women.

Today we welcome you all, thanking you for evincing so kindly an interest in our closing exercises, and trusting that you will carry away with you pleasant memories of this important day.

The crowning feature was the valedictory address, delivered by John Henry Geary, which was as follows:

#### MAN AND NATURE.

The power of reasoning is man's most God-like attribute, and is the main distinction between him and the lower animals. This power requires long and patient cultivation in order to attain its most perfect development, and this preparation we call education. True education consists in cultivating those powers of mind and heart, which render us capable, not only of excellence in ourselves, but enables us to appreciate it in others. It is this union of the head and heart that gives the truly educated man his superiority over one who has merely cultivated his intellect.

There is much of good in the hearts of all men, if we did but know how to draw it forth. Like the vegetation of the spring that remains dormant during the winter, and is brought forth only by the warm rains and gentle heat of the sun, the good qualities of some men remain unknown to us, until some powerful emotion removes the mask. One of Nature's greatest charms is that it softens the heart, and renders one capable of the finer feelings and nobler impulses that are the signs of true nobleness. When we look upon the world, and contemplate the grandeur of Nature that everywhere meet the sight, we experience a pleasure and admiration so subtle yet subduing, that our thoughts are insensibly withdrawn from the every-day topics of care and ambition, and our attention is held by the beauties of our surroundings. We acknowledge the grandeur of nature and the goodness of God. It is from Nature that we draw our inspirations for good. Every heart can find something to appreciate, some lesson of patience or love to learn and apply practically. It draws men to each other, and teaches the doctrine of mutual dependence and the necessity of cooperation. Who has not felt the insignificance of man, as compared with the land he lives in and been more friendly disposed toward his fellows, when standing on some high elevation overlooking a wide stretch of country? Who that has inhaled the fragrance of a bright summer morning, has not felt that there was still something in the world to hope for and strive after? Who, when almost despairing, has not had his hope revived, and his flagging energies restored by the sight of the rising sun? Who has not had his thoughts directed toward earnest self-examination by the sight of some far-off planet trembling in the sky? Look above you on a clear night. See the bright lights that shine forever, like rays of hope from a distant shore sent to strengthen the weak and encourage the doubting and patient and faith. Nature is the best school and the greatest schoolmaster. It is from that ample fount that all our knowledge is derived. It is Nature that inspires the poet, charms the artist, teaches the minister, and enlightens in the heart of the student the zeal to learn, and that love and enthusiasm for their work, which gives them the strength and power to cultivate the minds and elevate the hearts of men. They are drawn out, and their best powers of mind and body are given to the improvement of their fellow men. Their sympathy cheers the afflicted, their benevolence lightens the burdens of the unfortunate, while their charity condones the faults their piety strives to remove. Their energy in spreading the light of knowledge and the glad tidings of the gospel is tireless. They have visited all lands, and no one is too lowly or helpless for them to teach. These men, the servants of God, are humanizing the world, and carrying on the work begun by our Saviour, only they do it in a different way.

#### VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

Commencement Day has come again, and now it is our turn to say farewell to our happy school, and go forth into a new life to practice that knowledge which we have spent so many years in acquiring. While here we have been preparing for this life we are now about to enter. We have been taught principles that are the foundation of all success, and have acquired habits of thought and method that will be the means of happiness, if we continue them. Hitherto we have had no cares to burden our minds. Our paths in life were made smooth by the solicitous care of the gentlemen in charge of our school.

To the members of the Board of Directors:—Your foresight and care have left nothing undone that could tend to our essential happiness. You have neglected nothing that

would in any way improve our facilities in acquiring that education of hand and head for which we came here. You have been as parents to look to and provide for our requirements. We trust you may continue long to possess the health and inclination to continue your good work. Farewell.

To the Principal and Teachers:—To your zeal and energy we owe whatever knowledge we may possess. You have had great difficulties to contend with, and have overcome them by patient, untiring labor. Your love for us has been manifest in all that you have done. In the skill, self-denial and unwavering patience shown by you in your struggle to remove the ignorance that beclouded our minds, we recognize a practical Christianity that evokes our respect, even as your daily interest in us has gained our love and gratitude. Farewell.

To the Superintendent and Officers of the Administrative Department:—On you devolved the task of making our school as homelike and happy as possible, and of training our hands to do the work we are now about to begin in earnest. You have striven to inculcate those habits of industry and exactness that are necessary to skill in every avocation. You have been ever watchful, ever kind, and you have permitted no opportunity to escape without showing your interest in us. We shall not forget you in the years to come, when time and distance shall have separated us. Farewell.

Graduating Classmates:—We are no longer children. From this day forth let us put all childish things behind us. The world we are about to enter is no playground. There is an earnest struggle before us. We shall meet both good and evil, but let it not daunt us. Always *Strive for the Right*, putting our hope in a wise and noble cause, and in the practice of the precepts in any undertaking depends primarily upon our own individual exertions. We are leaving scenes and memories that will grow dearer to us as they recede. Let the precepts we have here learned rest deep in our hearts. Hitherto we have been subjected to restraint in our personal life, let us not imagine that they are no longer binding. There is One above who will watch us, and exact more from us than the rules of our school ever have. We depart with the kindest wishes of our teachers, officers and schoolmates; let us try to merit them. Farewell.

The chapel was tastefully decorated with bunting and numerous flags. The motto adopted by the graduating is "Strive and Succeed." For want of space, we are obliged to leave out many interesting features of the day, hoping to say something more in our next letter. AQUILA.

#### The Grand Picnic of the Fanwood Social Club.

The Fanwood Social Club of New York, is the next deaf-mute organization in the order of the many picnics and excursions that the deaf-mutes of this city are to enjoy this summer.

A description of the organization of the Fanwood Social Club would be out of place, as it is too well-known to New Yorkers to require any description. Being composed of the graduates of Fanwood school, principally, with a sprinkling from other institutions, it is one of the strongest clubs in the city. The club has secured the Empire City Colosseum, sixty-ninth Street and East river, for its grand annual picnic, Saturday afternoon and evening, June 29th. The colosseum and park adjoining is one of the finest places of summer amusement in the city. And the immense sale of tickets to date, for the picnic, is evidence that there will be a great gathering of deaf-mutes on the 29th of June. Out of town deaf-mutes using the second avenue elevated or street cars, can get off at 70th Street, and only a minutes' walk lands them at the entrance. Third Ave. elevated road passengers, get off at 67th Street and Third Avenue. West side deaf-mutes may cross town on 59th street, cross town cars to Avenue A, thence a few minutes walk to the park. For the benefit of the hearing portion, music will be furnished by the well-known Prof. R. E. Sause. Dancing will commence at 3 o'clock sharp. As the Fanwood Social promises to give one half of its profits to the Peet Memorial Fund, it should be an inducement to every one not yet holding tickets for the picnic, to present themselves at the gate-box office, where the genial treasurer Waggle will hand you the paste-board on receipt of the price. Disorderly or boisterous persons will not be tolerated. The members of the club will reserve the right to refuse admittance to any person or persons who may have a tendency to be disorderly. There will be no postponement on account of the weather if stormy. The Colosseum is sufficiently enclosed to protect every body if stormy weather prevails. In conclusion, the Fanwood Social Club desires to thank the deaf-mute public for past favors, and will endeavor to repay every one with an enjoyable time on the 29th of June. Come one, come all.

Very respectfully,  
M.

#### Service in Washington.

Service will be held in signs and interpreted orally, at the Church of the Ascension, Massachusetts Avenue and 12th Street, N. W., Washington, at 7:30 p.m., Tuesday, June 25th, the evening before the Unveiling of the Gallaudet Statue; not Thursday, as previously announced. It is expected that Rev. Drs. Elliott (the rector) and Gallaudet, and Rev. Messrs. Mann, Syle, Koehler, Turner and Cloud, and Mr. J. S. Wells will take part; the three first-named making addresses. The offerings will be for the Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. All deaf persons and their friends are cordially invited.

H. W. SYLE,  
Diocesan Missionary.

# COLUMBUS.

## The Lawn Fete.

### A DECIDED SUCCESS.

#### The Great Western Art Gallery.

(From our Columbus Correspondent.)

This afternoon, just as Sunday School was dismissed, we were visited by a severe storm which partook of the nature of an incipient cyclone. Chimneys were knocked down, and trees twisted off in all parts of the city. At the Institution some damage was done to the shrubbery. At Mrs. J. D. H. Stewart's residence, on Franklin Street, a tree was blown down, which fell in her yard, crushing the iron fence and narrowly missing her front window.

The Lawn Fete given by the Fay and Cloniam Societies yesterday evening, was a success. It rained at intervals during the day, but at three o'clock it cleared up, and preparations were pushed rapidly forward. Ropes were stretched across the grounds on which were hung Chinese lanterns, tents were put up and before dark every thing was in readiness. After dark, the grounds on the girls' side presented an animated and beautiful appearance. There was quite a crowd present, consisting of pupils, the resident deaf and their friends. In one of the tents was a gipsy who told fortunes for a consideration, and a post office. In another, was "The Great Western Art Gallery." This was the biggest fraud you ever saw, and created no end of amusement for those who paid the entrance fee, ten cents, and as it is something new in this part of the country, I will give you an idea of how it is worked. On paying your hard-earned cash, you are handed a catalogue containing a list of eighty or ninety paintings. On entering, you see no paintings, but instead, two or three tables on which are scattered a lot of miscellaneous articles duly numbered. You are bewildered, but on referring to your catalogue the nature of the sell becomes apparent. For instance, No. 1, in your catalogue is "The four Seasons," by N. Ature, on looking for that you find four receptacles, containing salt, pepper, mustard and sugar. No. 9, is "The Pioneer," by Cook, which is represented by a very dilapidated pie resting on an ear of corn. On looking for No. 11, which is "Sweet Sixteen," by G. Urils, you are disgusted to find only sixteen lumps of loaf sugar, and on hunting up No. 90, "A Stirring Subject," by P. Ochre, you find an old-fashioned poker which you want to seize and crack your gay deceiver over the head. The "Wood-chopper" is represented by an old ax which your grandfather might have used. "The Swimming Match," by a swimming match in a cup of water, and so on till your sides ache with laughter. While I was in there taking notes, I noticed Mrs. Governor Foraker, State Auditor Poe, and several other distinguished persons, who were unable to restrain their risibilities. Mr. C. N. Haskins presided as showman, and he was particular in calling the attention of visitors to a huge poster which warned all visitors not to point umbrellas, canes or saw-logs at the valuable paintings. The girls' play-room was about the liveliest place on the premises, for there is where the refreshments were served. I looked in at about ten o'clock, and I felt sorry for the waiters. They seemed to have hardly time to breathe. In one corner was the gold-headed umbrella, which was the centre of attraction for those fond of taking their chances at a game of chance, and who is not? At eleven o'clock the drawing took place. Miss Mabel Fisher drew the numbers from the urn, and E. J. Scott was the lucky man who carried off the umbrella in triumph. He held twenty tickets, and no doubt deserved it, although Hylcorcs, of Dayton, desperately clutched thirty of them in his hands, which turned to ashes when the result was announced. What the financial results of the Fete are I have been unable to ascertain, as the various committees have not yet reported, but it was, no doubt, a success both financially and otherwise.

Among the visitors attracted by the fete from outside, I noted Frank Goldsmith, Alonzo Kingry, Jacob Stelbenton, Lester Sauters, "Tooth Pick," Maggie Tompson, Flora Hite, Daisy Murphy, Alexander Dunn, and Theodore Mueller.

Tuesday is commencement day. The "sweet girl graduates are about ripe enough to pick." The Independents played a game with the Barracks nine yesterday, and succeeded in walloping Uncle Sam's raw recruits to the tune of 7 to 5.

Miss Bierce, of Memphis, Tenn., is here. She will stay till Monday, next week, when she starts for Washington, to attend the convention.

Miss Liinn is lying very ill, at her residence on Franklin Avenue. The doctor says, he can not tell yet whether she will recover or not.

Mr. McKeever is said to have mysteriously disappeared, leaving not a few persons would give a few dollars to know what has become of him.

M.

#### Nashua, N.H.

The Strawberry Festival in aid of the Deaf Society was held at the Mechanics Hall, and was a grand success, Memorial Day.

It realized a little over \$11, which goes to the fund wherewith we may meet expenses involved in securing lectures and services in our sign language.

Mr. E. H. French has the enviable reputation of having sold the largest numbers of tickets, 113, while the other members averaged 5 to 10 tickets each. Mr. French wanted to infuse life into the success of the Society, so, as he is well-known in the city, he went to every acquaintance and sold tickets like hot cakes. Ice-cream was sold at extra charge, and what was left untouched was sold at auction. Mr. Gay made a comical auctioneer, and he convulsed those present with laughter by his mild antics. The gross profit was \$32. Among out of towners present were Mr. Smith and Mrs. Fish of New Boston, who covered twenty miles by team, Messrs. Lucy, Fecteau, of Haverhill and Betrand of Lowell, and Mr. Baker of Manchester. Those that were present at the festival had a good view of the parade at the ceremonies of the unveiling of the soldiers' monument from the hall.

The Deaf Society held its meeting last Saturday night. Mr. George B. Keniston, of Everett, Mass., lectured to the Society on "Rich Men." Sunday following, services were conducted by him, and under his leadership the Bible class was.

Mr. S. Wardman, of Lowell was present and stopped to supper with Mr. and Mrs. White. He returned home in a steamer plying between Lowell and Nashua Sundays. Also Mr. Mitchell Swett made a flying visit to his brother and sister, Mr. and Mrs. White, over Sunday. He returns home to-day bringing pleasant remembrances with him.

Mr. Keniston was a guest at Mr. Wrights, so was Mr. J. G. Wilkins, of North Branch.

NASHUA, June 10, '89.

#### The Deaf Mute Institute.

At the office of Mr. Kletting, a *Herald* representative, yesterday, inspected the plans for the Deaf Mute Institute now in course of erected on the Deseret University grounds. It proved conclusively that, when completed, the building will be one of the most convenient and thoroughly appointed in the west. In height, it will be two stories and a basement, but as the latter will be mainly above ground, it will be, to all intents and purposes, a three-story structure, 127x70 feet 8 inches.

In the basement will be located the kitchen, scullery, pantry, store-room, dining-room, laundry and drying-room, gymnasium and workshop, and in all of these there will be ample room for carrying on the various pursuits.

On the first floor will be the study-rooms for girls and boys, separate and distinct from each other, 23x40 feet, that for the girls being on the west and the boys on the east. In addition to the study-rooms, there are also four classrooms, 24x26 feet each, two for the boys and two for the girls. Then there are the living rooms for the principal, reception and office.

The second floor is devoted to the sleeping apartments. There are seven dormitories, three for the gentler sex and four for the boys, teachers' bedrooms, bath-rooms, etc. Then there is considerable space under the roof; the use to which it will be put remains as yet undecided.

Mr. Kletting, when asked when the building would be finished, said probably within a year, if the next legislature is as liberal as the last one. There is little doubt, however, but the roof will be on ere the snow flies once more. The building will be heated by steam and lighted by gas or electricity. When completed it will be an ornament to the city and a credit to the territory.—*Herald, Salt Lake City, June 6, 1889.*

#### THE PICNIC PROFITS.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—The following report includes the cash returns and expenditures account of the Picnic of the Associated Deaf-Mutes of New York, to defray the expenses of the two delegates to the Paris Congress of Deaf-Mutes.

#### RECEIPTS.

From Advertisements in the	
Souvenir Journal,	\$333 00
From sale of tickets,	268 25
From donations,	11 50
	612 75

#### EXPENDITURES.

For Commissions on Ad-	
vertisements,	125 35
For music,	40 00
For printing,	7 00
For electrotyping,	8 13
For advertisement in DEAF-	
MUTES' JOURNAL,	10 00
	190 48

Cash balance,	\$429 27
GEORGE S. PORTER,	
Treasurer.	

Rev. Job Turner officiated to deaf-mutes in New Orleans, on Sunday, the 9th inst. He then went to Elton, Va., where he married a deaf-mute couple the following Wednesday morning. He expects to hold a service in Louisville on Sunday, June 16th.

Miss Belle, daughter of J. G. Wilkins, of North Branch, visited A. Smith, in New Boston, N. H., in company with her young teacher. She thought that it was delightful to see how quick and witty deaf-mutes are in their conversation. Belle is only fourteen years old, but she drove through twenty miles of wild and beautiful scenery, arriving there in safety.

# ILLINOIS.

## Forty-fourth Term Closed.

### LOCAL ITEMS.

(From our Illinois Correspondent.)

Tuesday, June 11th, dawned bright and cool, just appropriate to the occasion of closing "the forty-fourth term of the school." An interesting programme was carried out, before a large audience filling every available space in the chapel, both in the auditorium and gallery. The wall before the audience was draped in national flags and plants, and in the centre hung the class motto in gilt letters, "No footstep backward." On the platform, President Cushing, Trustee Cappel and Dr. Gillett were seated in the centre, and on either side were the members of the graduating class; behind the latter on either side were the honorably discharged, and then the faculty. Rev. Dr. Barrows, of Chicago, opened the exercises with prayer. After some remarks by the Superintendent, among which he stated that every thing available for improvement has been secured for the institution, and if any man could teach the deaf to fly, he would send for the wing aloft, Mr. Allard delivered the salutatory address, which Miss Morse interpreted to the hearing audience. Mr. Hutsel, then spoke on "Observation," Miss Helen Wait interpreting. "To-day" was the next subject, which was delivered by Miss Ore. Miss Morse reading orally. Miss Kettlekamp followed with her paper on "He Liveth Long, Who Liveth Well," and Miss Wood interpreted. Next Mr. Allard delivered "Reading," Miss Henderson reading. Miss Shields spoke of "Experience," and Miss Martin interpreted it. Mr. Patterson who never heard a sound in his life, read orally his paper on "Good Resolutions," and Miss Ferguson who lost her hearing at fourteen, read "A Good Name," orally. The valedictory address by Miss Ore closed the exercises, after which the graduating class recited the hymn, "God be with you till we meet again." Diplomas were conferred upon the graduates, and honorable discharges were given to Misses Brooks and Henry and Messrs. Cox, Hulstrand, Ruby, Brugger, Wess, Shaw, and Tilton. Benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Best, of the city. Thus the forty-fourth term was closed.

The "Observer" in his random observations, made an allusion to the fact that two prominent educators of the deaf had not been thus recognized when the honorary degree of D.H.L. was conferred upon the other persons engaged in similar work. It has since come to our knowledge that among some remarks made in conferring the degree, was to the effect that it was so done in recognition of their valuable work toward the cause of deaf-mute instruction. Then there may be some serious thought in the matter just here: nothing whatever was said of the two other gentlemen, even when they were seated on the platform before the audience. Yet it is trusted that nothing whatever had been meant in the way of ignoring them and their work, when conferring the degree upon others.

The board of trustees met last Tuesday afternoon.

Several prizes—all pin-badges—have been awarded to some pupils for excellence in general behavior.

Mr. Hasenstab conducted a service for the deaf in Chicago, Sunday before last. Dr. Gillett will conduct a service there to-morrow afternoon. Rev. Mr. Cloud will fulfill his appointment in St. Louis to-morrow and in Chicago the following Sunday.

Misses Alma and Jennie Gillet and Higgins, of our articulation department, are in the East visiting articulation departments and schools.

So far as has been learned of the plans of our teachers for the summer, we are able to give the following:

Miss Eden will visit with her mother in Geneva; Miss Luttrell, in Wichita, Kansas; Miss Peck, in Maine, and White Mountains, N. H.; Miss F. Wait, in Washington, (State); Miss Goode, in Madison Ind.; Miss Sheridan, in Indianapolis; Miss Morse at some northern resort; Mr. Appleby in Rensselaer, Ind., Mr. Cloud and Hasenstab in Europe, Mr. Vaught (boys' supervisor), in the Sandwich Islands.

The Institution will be represented by Miss Hieronymus and Messrs. George, Cloud, Rogers, Hicks and Hasenstab, at the National Convention at Washington.

Charles Wolff, now of St. Louis, has since secured passage on the "Aurania." Mr. Regensberg, of '90 at college, will represent the *alumni* at the Paris Congress.

A collection of seventy dollars has been secured by the officers, teachers and pupils, to be sent to the Johnstown sufferers.

June 15, 1889.

#### NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Much



